This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine; And so, away : no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.— Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline[1].

*[Ascends**

Sici. He came in thunder ; his celestial breath Was sulphurous to smell[2]: the holy eagle Stoop'd, as to foot us[3]: his ascension is More sweet than our bless'd fields : his royal bird Prunes the immortal wing [4], and cloys his beak[5], As when his god is pleas'd,

1—my palace crystalline.] Milton has transplanted this idea into his verses In Obi turn Praesulis Eliensis :

Ventum est Olympi et *regiam chrystallmam.*

STEEVENS.

[2] He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell:] A passage like this one may suppose to have been ridiculed by Ben Jonson, when in Every Man in his Humour he puts the following strain of poetry into the mouth of Justice Clement:

«----------testify,
" How Saturn sitting in an ebon cloud, " Disrob'd his podex white as ivory,
" And through the welkin thunder'd all aloud." If, however, the dates of Jonson's play and Chapman's translation of the eleventh book of Homer's Iliad, are at all reconcile-able, one might be tempted to regard the passage last quoted as a ridicule on the following :

"----------on a sable cloud
" *(To bring them furious to the Jield)* sat thundering out aloud." Fol. edit. p. 143. STEEVENS.

[3] — to FOOT us :"] i. e. to grasp us in his pounces. So, Her bert:

cc And till *iheyjbot* and clutch their prey."

STEEVENS.

[4] PRUNES the immortal wing,] A bird is said to *prune* himself when he clears his feathers from superfluities. So, in Drayton's Polyolbion, Song I.:

fc Some sitting on the beach, to *prune* their painted breasts.'*

STEEVENS.

5— CLOYS his beak,] Perhaps we should read :

"------*claws* his beak." TYRWHITT.

A *dey* is the same with a *claw* in old language.

FARMER,*